

THE DRIP OF TIME

*One drip, one lie, one push, one shove
One nasty name, another
Another day, another year
When did it happen?*

*When did I stop being me?
And become what you thought you wanted
When did I stop believing in me and
Start believing you?*

*When did the beautiful young bride turn into the old shit face?
When did the competent self-assured women become so dumb?
So stupid, such a blundering idiot
When did that fine line get crossed?*

*It happened – one bruise at a time,
Over and over and over
One push, one shove
One nasty name, then another and another*

*One promise, then one threat, and another and another
The days ran into weeks, the weeks into years
Now I am old, older,
And I am numb*

*I am too numb to feel
Too numb to care
Too numb to want to live
But too tired to die*

*Other days the feelings are raw
The tears flow for no reason
There is no comfort, no place for refuge
No one to believe me*

*So I stay, day after day,
Week after week,
Year after year, after year
And you wonder why!*

b. lee

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